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Probate Court.

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Herolism.—The real hero is the spirit-
ual hero, the man not afraid to do
right. Christ, in such a view, must
forever remain the brightest example
of earthly heroism.—Rev. W. A. Gar-
ner, Christian Church, San Francisco.

Pittless.
"And still you got even with her."
"Oh, yes. I showed her the respect
due to age."
As pitiless as errant worlds might
crush together does woman meet up
with woman.—Detroit Tribune.

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Englewood Office, 6311 Westworth Avenue.
Residence, 140 65th Street.
All Business Intrusted Promptly Attended To.

OLAF F. SEVERSON,
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of the
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146 and 148 West Madison St.

A FEAST OF LANTERNS.

Unique Festival on a Sacred Island
in Japan.

One drowsy noon the town crier came
to the door, clapped two pieces of wood
together, and in a long chant besought
all people of Miyajima to come to the
temple for "speaking meeting" at two
o'clock that day and for the five suc-
ceeding days, to hear read the official
news from the army in Korea. We sent
our agent to listen for us, and our er-
ratic and only Inuduska returned
breathless, to tell, in excited Japanese,
English and jargon, of the victory of
the Heijo. We had intended to make
a farewell offering to the temple to se-
cure an illumination as a fitting close
to our stay in Arcadia, and here was
an opportunity. In the shortest time
Inuduska was speeding back to the tem-
ple to beseech the high priest to have
the thousand oil saucers of the lanterns
filled at once, the illumination to begin
at dusk, without waiting for the mid-
night high tide.

The priests shook their heads at such
an irregularity, such a disregard of an-
cient customs on short notice. "But
this is an American matter, and in
honor of the Heijo! How can you say
you have any custom for such an illu-
mination? And when did you ever il-
luminated at any tide for a battle won
in Korea?" And the high priest said,
"Surely, surely! Yes; for Belkoko
(America) and the Heijo we can do it."
And the circle of eagle-eyed, excited
priests sprang delightedly to begin
preparations.

Our joyous sendo was at the temple
steps with the sampan as usual before
the sunset hour, and he had not pushed
off until he let us know that the village
was agog at the double news of victory
and the honorable illumination. We
could see the lay brothers all along
sauce filling the oil saucers, laying
wicks, and pasting fresh papers on the
tail stone lamps; and when we sculled
back, long after sunset, lights had be-
gun to twinkle under the temple eaves.
A lantern came forth and went bobbing
along the water-line, stopped a mo-
ment, and a second light shone forth,
then a third and a fourth, and so on
along shore, as the lamplighter went
his way.

Soon the whole curving bay from
headland to headland was outlined in
living lights that gleamed double and
wavered in long reflections toward us;
and the temple was a great set piece of
fireworks, each shrine a sun goddess's
glowing cave, with the many-jeweled
pyramids of votive candles. The spec-
tacle lasted in full splendor for more
than an hour, the villagers and Tokei
artists wrote in his quaint little idiom
that he had heard of my "favorably
presenting a great deal of money to the
temple, praying for the war, and light-
ing the thousand lamps of Miyajima for
the war. I seen it in our Japanese news-
papers." Surely never did one obtain
so much pleasure and glory by an ex-
penditure of four yen (two dollars in
United States gold).—Century.

The next morning the village officers
called "to thank your spirit" in celebrat-
ing Japan's victories; the high priest
sent sacred gift papers filled with rice,
and asked for the honorable names in
full, that they might be written among
the temple's contributors; and when we
went to the village every one bowed
and made pretty speeches about the
American matter. Weeks later a Tokei
artist wrote in his quaint little idiom
that he had heard of my "favorably
presenting a great deal of money to the
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United States gold).—Century.

The conductor, having collected all
fares from those inside, went to look
after outside passengers. Seeing this,
the grumbler got out of the bus to ob-
tain the services of a policeman, for the
purpose of removing the thirteenth pas-
senger. Presently he returned with an
officer of the law. The constable care-
fully counted the passengers and de-
clined to interfere, as the number was
not in excess of that allowed.

The man, hearing this, became very
angry, and getting again into the bus,
called out:
"It's the thirteenth, constable; I'm
the thirteenth."

"In that case," quietly replied the con-
stable, "you must get up, as the bus is
licensed to carry only twelve inside."
And, in spite of the man's remon-
strances, he was removed, amid roars of
laughter from the other passengers.

Many good things come out of Aus-
tralia besides systems of voting and
kangaroo skins for boots. All servants
will certainly think so if the plans
now being laid in that country are
brought to success and hence to adop-
tion by the world. It is proposed to
call domestic servants "household em-
ployees," and to arrange for their hav-
ing meals in the dining-room by them-
selves at regulated hours. No more
talk of "the girl" will be allowed, and
Bridget will no longer "snatch a bite
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will not be at the beck and call of the
mistress. There will be two shifts of
employees, one to work from 6 a. m. un-
til 2 p. m., the other from 2 p. m. to 8
or 9 p. m. It would seem as if both
Biddy and "Missus" would enjoy such
an arrangement, if only some plan could
be made for curing the morning girl
of what would probably become a pre-
ponerous habit to save up all the
disagreeable work for the afternoon
girl to do. Girls will be girls, even
when they are "household employees."
—Boston Home Journal.

Some of the men who spend half a
dozen hours or more a day in rooms on
top floors of sky-scraping office build-
ings are talking about a new ailment
that they allege is the result of doing
business so far from the ground.

"I never was troubled with headaches
or dizziness," said one of these men,
until I moved into my present office.
Then I noticed that about an hour after
I had settled down to business my head
would feel heavy, and at times I would
be slightly dizzy. These feelings, on
certain days, increased the longer I re-
mained in my office, and half an hour
after I had descended to the street they
would disappear. Several other men
who are on the top floors of big office
buildings have complained of similar
symptoms, and on comparison we have
come to the conclusion that they were
produced by the same causes. Possibly
the fact that the air is slightly more
rarefied at the altitude at which we
work may account for this feeling of
uneasiness."—New York Sun.

The Toothpick Industry.
In Harbor Springs, Mich., there is a
large and flourishing wood toothpick
industry. White birch is exclusively
used in the manufacture of the tooth-
picks, and about 7,500,000 are turned
out daily.



The Earl of Lovelace, a direct de-
scendant of the poet, is to edit a new
edition of Byron.

Henry Norman's long-heralded vol-
ume, "The Near East," is not to ap-
pear until autumn.

Sweden appears to be a good country
for newspaper men. The Storting has
voted two State grants of 1,000 kroner
each to enable young journalists to get
foreign experience, and all editors are
hereafter to have free use of the rail-
ways when traveling in the exercise of
their profession.

R. D. Blackmore, whose novel, "Da-
riel," is expected to commence in
Blackwood's this autumn, is one of the
oldest living English novelists, having
just passed his 71st birthday. George
Macdonald is one year in advance of
this, but his nearest younger rival in
this matter is George Meredith, who
confesses to 68 years.

William Le Queux bitterly re-
sents the action of an American publishing
house in pirating one of his early no-
vels, "Guilty Bonds," and announcing
it as the latest work of the author. This
sort of robbery not only injures the
author but also prejudices the sale of
his really latest work by an honest
American publisher, who respects the
laws of copyright and of decency.

Kenneth Grahame, the clever deli-
cator of child life and character, says
he left Scotland at the age of 7, carry-
ing with him a kilt and a Scotch ac-
cent. "The latter," he adds, "I im-
prudently took with me to boarding school,
but after being severely kicked for it,
I concluded it was a luxury I could not
afford to keep up. The kilt I cherished
secretly for years, till I discovered that
my legs came to far through for Eng-
lish prejudices."

The inveterate insularity of that lit-
erary thunderer, the London Athenaeum,
has never been more strikingly exhib-
ited than in its review of F. Hopkinson
Smith's "Tom Grogan," which it ex-
hausts the dictionary of academic bil-
lignage in denouncing as vacuous
rubbish. The London Literary World,
on the other hand, calls it a strong and
original story, entertaining from cover
to cover—a verdict which American
readers confirm by their purchases.

Last month the "Tom Grogan" was second
only to Richard Harding Davis' "Cin-
derella" in the number of copies sold
in Chicago.

Served Him Right.
The other evening four ladies going
eastwards entered a bus near the bank,
says London Answers. There were
only three vacant seats. A gentleman
instantly rose to allow the fourth lady
to sit down. An elderly over-dressed
man sitting close to the door began to
complain that the bus was overcrowd-
ed, and postured the conductor with ill-
natured remarks.

The conductor, having collected all
fares from those inside, went to look
after outside passengers. Seeing this,
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